



A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Midnight Marauders Tour Guide"

Hello, this is your Midnight Marauder program.
I am on the front of your cover.

I will be enhancing your cassette and CD with certain facts that you may find
beneficial

The average bounce meter for your Midnight Marauder program will be In the area
of 95 b.p.m.

We hope that you will find our presentation precise, base-heavy, and just right.

Thanks

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Steve Biko (Stir It Up)"

[Phife]

Linden Boulevard represent, represent
Tribe Called Quest represent, represent
When the mic is in my hand, I'm never hesitant
My favourite jam back in the day was Eric B. for President

Rude boy composer
Step to me you're over
Brothers wanna flex
You're not Mad Cobra
MC short and black
There aint no other
Trini-born black like Mia Longs grandmother
Tip and Sha they all that, Phife-Dawg ditto
Honey tell your man to chill, or else you'll be a widow
Did not you know that my styles are top-dollar?
The Five-Foot Assassin knockin fleas off his collar
Hip-hop scholar since bein knee-high to a duck
The height of Mugsy Bogues, complexion of a hockey puck
You better ask somebody on how we flip the script
Come to a Tribe show and watch the three kids rip

[Q-Tip]

Queens is in the house represent, represent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent
No tamin of the style cuz it gets irreverent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent

Huh-huh, here we go
You know that I'm the rebel
Throwin out the wicked like God did the Devil
Funky like your grandpas drawers, dont test me
We in like that, you're dead like Presley
When we comin through get tickets to see me
We work for the paper so there'll never be a preemie
Lyrics are abundant cuz we got it by the mass
Egos are all idle cuz the music is the task
Valenzuela on the pitch, curveball, catch it
I think I got it locked, just smooth while I latch it
Right
Now I must move with the quickness
Here comes Shaheed so we must bear the witness

[Chorus]

Stir It Up [x3]
Steve Biko

Stir It Up [x3]

Steve Biko

[Verse 2]

[Phife]

New York City represent, represent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent
The Dawg is scientific with the styles I invent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent

MCs like to meddle, but heres my proposition
I let my lyrics flow, and jumped your whole position
I'm radical with this like the man this song is after
Yo Tip settle down, whats the reason for the laughter?

[Q-Tip]

I really cant say, I guess I laugh to keep from cryin
So much goin on, people killin, people dyin
But I wont dwell on that, I think I'll elevate my mental
Thanks for these bars on the Biko instrumental

[Phife]

Yo I take it back, Im the Indian giver
MCs take notes as I stand and deliver
Percussion isnt less, D's wear the vest
While they dodgin bullets, you should be dodgin Quest
Dont get me wrong, violence is not our forte
I just like to rhyme, kick the lyric skills like Pele
Tip educateem, my rhymes are strictly taboo
Fill em with some fantasies and I'll look out like Tattoo

[Q-Tip]

Okay

I am recognizing that the voice inside my head
is urging me to be myself but never follow someone else
Because opinions are like voices
we all have a different kind
So just clean out all of your ears
these are my views and you will find that
we revolutionize over the kick and the snare
The ghetto vocalist is on a state-wide tear
Soon to be the continent and then the freakin globe
Theres room for it all as we mingle at the ball
We welcome competition cuz it doesnt make one lazy or worn
We gotta work hard, you know the damn card
Try to be the fattest is the level that we strive
Try to be the fattest also to stay alive

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Award Tour"

[Chorus - Dove from De La Soul:]

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, NC, VA
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Oaktown, LA, San Fran, St. John

[Q-Tip:]

People give your ears so I be sublime
It's enjoyable to know you and your concubines
Niggas, take off your coats, ladies act like gems
Sit down, Indian style, as we recite these hymns
See, lyrically I'm Mario Andretti on the MOMO
Ludicrously speedy, or infectious with the slow-mo
Heard me in the eighties, J.B.'s on "The Promo"
In my never-ending quest to get the paper on the caper
But now, let me take it to the Queens side
I'm taking it to Brooklyn side
All the residential Questers who invade the air
Hold up a second son, cause we almost there
You can be a black man and lose all your soul
You can be white and groove but don't crap the roll
See my shit is universal if you got knowledge of dolo
Or delf or self, see there's no one else
Who can drop it on the angle, acute at that
So, do that, do that, do that, that, that (come on)
Do that, do that, do that, that, that (OK)
Do that, do that, do that, that, that
I'm bugging out but let me get back cause I'm wetting niggas
So run and tell the others cause we are the brothers
I learned how to build mics in my workshop class
So give me this award, and let's not make it the last

[Dove:]

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas

[Phife Dawg:]

Back in '89 I simply slid in the place
Buddy, buddy, buddy all up in your face
A lot of kids was busting rhymes but they had no taste
Some said Quest was wack, but now is that the case?

I have a quest to have a mic in my hand
Without that, it's like Kryptonite and Superman
So Shaheed come in with the sugar cuts
Phife Dawg's my name, but on stage, call me Dynomutt
When was the last time you heard the Phife sloppy
Lyrics anonymous, you'll never hear me copy
Top notch baby, never coming less
Sky's the limit, you gots to believe up in Quest
Sit back, relax, get up out the path
If not that, here's a dancefloor, come move that ass
Non-believers, you can check the stats
I roll with Shaheed and the brother Abstract
Niggas know the time when Quest is in the jam
I never let a statue tell me how nice I am
Coming with more hits than the Braves and the Yankees
Living mad phat like an oversized mampi
The wackest crews try to diss, it makes me laugh
When my track record's longer than a DC-20 aircraft
So, next time that you think you want somethin' here
Make something def or take that garbage to St. Elsewhere

[Dove:]

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
SC, Maryland, New Orleans, Motown
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, NC, VA

Seven times out of ten we listen to our music at night, thus spawned the title of this program

The word maraud means to loot
In this case, we maraud for ears

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"8 Million Stories"

[Verse 1: Phife Dawg]

Went to Carvel to get a milk shake
This honey ripped me off of my loot case
The car oh yeah there's money in my jacket
Somebody broke into my ride and cold macked it
Yo tip I tell you man the devil's trying it
But I'm goin to stay strong cause I ain't bying it
Tonight I'm taking Sherry out
I don't have jack to wear
You know I've got to look dipped in the freshest gear
Cool I found something so I ironed it
I think I caught up on the phone
Oh shit I'm trying it
Will someone tell me what did I do to deserve this?
I think I'll pull out my suit for Sunday service.
My little brother wants Barney, cool I'm getting it
Took him down to Kay-Bee, they ain't sellin it
Here we go with the crying, yo he's throwing fits
My blood pressure blowing up, I can't take this shit
Finally got what he wanted now he's good to go
Again the robbers smashed, were's my radio?
One time the car was in the shop I had to borrow see...
They had no mercy on the car oh you he'll kill me
Where the hell can Nicki be? I'm goin to smack her up
I got the tickets for the Knicks and she cold stood me up
I need to hit a hunny off yo drill pas me the phone
Pulled out my hooker hoes, oh yo Sheela's home
Steady smiling like a mother yo I'm wrecked to bone
Went down on hun, she's in the red zone
Stressed out more than one could ever be
Forever trying to clear the sample for my new LP
Everybody knows I go to Georgia often
Got on a flight then I ended up in Boston
With all these trials and tribulations yo I've been affected
And to top it off, Starks got ejected

[Refrain]

[Verse 2: Phife Dawg]

Just last week my girl was stressing me
Now her best friend be underssing me
Well I was lovin her by the moon lit
Now I'm tricking on her like Kinte'
Bought a bag of izm from the smoke shop
Walking towards the car, here come the damn cops
Now I'm station bound for the thai sticks
I bought it for my man, I don't believe this shit

Coach sat me down from the ball team
Cause I was breakin niggaz on the inseams
Some niggas cross town was trying to stick me
All I had was shorts, a dollar fifty
Picked up this gir in the hoopty
Just because of her rhymes she tried to soup me
Pay for this and pay for that loot for nails and hair
Who the hell do you think I am, Mr. Belvedere?
Go and get a bloody job then can we look cute
Even if you get me boots, you'll neva see my loot
She wasn't even all of that just anothe hooker
Took the journey that ass way, quick like Chucky Booker
Sometimes you got put the hoes in their freakin place
Just move from in front me with your botty face!

My man Mohammed in the house, huh {come on, come on}
Zulu Nation in the house, huh {come on, come on}
Sub Rock is in the house, huh {come on, come on}
My man Skeff is in the house, huh {come on, come on}
Jarobi White is in the house, huh {come on, come on}
Bob Power in the house, huh {come on, come on}
My man Eric in the house, huh {come on, come on}
My man Lytcha in the house, huh {come on, come on}
(Help me, help me, help me, help me, help me, help me... MUHAMMAD!)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Sucka Nigga"

"hey sucka nigga, whoever you are" [x2]

"hey sucka nigga, hey sucka nigga
whoever you are, whoever you are"

[Q-Tip]

Aiyyo, turn it up Muhammad
Turn everything up in the headphones
so I don't lose my vocals
Yeah that's good, turn my vocals a little bit
with the upper bassline

I be hatin sucka MC's, and the sucka niggas
Posing like they hard when we know they damn card
what you figure, rhyme-wise, I do the figure eight
So concisely, musically we are the herb so sit back
and light me, inhale *inhalation noise*
My style is kinda fat reminiscent of a whale
Young girls desires for the females dreams
I be the Abstract Poetic representin from Queens
Socially I'm not a name, black and white got game
If you came to the jam, well I'm glad you came
See, nigga first was used back in the Deep South
Fallin out between the dome of the white man's mouth
It means that we will never grow, you know the word dummy
Other niggas in the community think it's crummy
But I don't, neither does the youth cause we
em-brace adversity it goes right with the race
And being that we use it as a term of endearment
Niggas start to bug to the dome is where the fear went
Now the little shorties say it all of the time
And a whole bunch of niggas throw the word in they rhyme
Yo I start to flinch, as I try not to say it
But my lips is like the oowop as I start to spray it
My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray it
My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray the

Sucka nigga, nigga nigga
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
It's the neo-nigga of the nineties, c'mon

I be hatin sucka MC's, and the sucka niggas
Posin like they hard when we know they damn card
what you figure, rhyme-wise, I do the figure eight

So concisely, musically we are the herb so sit back
and light me *inhalation noise* inhale *echoes*
My style is kinda fat reminescent of a whale
Young girls desires for the females dreams
I be the Abstract Poetic representin from Queens
Socially I'm not a name, black and white got game
If you came to the jam well I'm glad you came
See, nigga first was used down in the Deep South
Fallin out between the dome of the white man's mouth
It means that we will never grow, you know the word dummy
Other niggas in the community think it's crummy
But I don't, neither does the youth cause we
em-brace adversity it goes right with the race
Yo I start to flinch, as I try not to say it
But my lips is like the oowop as I start to spray it
My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray it
My lips is like a oowop, yo you know the rest

The sucka niggas, niggas niggas
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga
I throw the suckas in the front for the ones that front
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
Sucka niggas, nigga nigga
Aiyyo Shaheed, take us the fuck outta here

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Midnight"

[Q-Tip:]

The night is my mind
The sun'll still shine
But the night is on my mind
So parlay while I drop this rhyme

See, Jake be gettin illy when the sun get dark
They be comin out the heads, but shit don't let me start
Their activities are plenty in nighttime(nighttime)
For the ghetto child, it seems to be the right time
See, kids be gettin stuck with jewels and fly gimmicks
Shorty see the action and then start to mimic
Runnin to the corner, the dice game is blazin
Lookin at the loot, it seems so amazin
Puts it short down, to be exact would bound
He shakes the stones in his hand, then he lets it down(uh!)
Scam money don't make none
He threw a trip on the ace, now he's out son
Hits the local bodega to woof down a hero
Son is on a 'Midnight Run' like De Niro
Spots the shorty rock standin on his block
The thieves be handlin in the pumps,so he asked it it's not
Conversation that he kicked to the shorty was a sly one
Increased intensity, his dance sure was a fly one
Took her to the crib there she ran her gibs
About mind upliftment and bein positive
He yawned and he sighed til 1:05
Then he finally realized that hunny wasn't live
At least he didn't plan on buildin for the evenin'
Threw the Fila on the dome and said 'Come on yo, we leavin'
Came out on the scene as he told her to beep him
Saw his man Sam with the blunt in his hand
(Aww Shhh...!!!)You know the transaction
Brothas gettin lost in the weed satisfaction
Comin down the block man loud as (fuck)
You would swear Redman was inside the trunk
As the night seemed darker, cops is on a hunt
They interrupt ya cipher, and crush ya blunt
See you left your work at home, so they pat you down for nuthin
Why in the hell does 10-4 keep frontin?
You push to the park, even though it's still dark
The kid is nice on the hoop, he said 'I'll spot ya troop'

The night is on my mind
The sun'll still shine
But now the night is on my mind, the night is on the mind
The night is on your mind

A yo, the sun'll still shine
But now the night is on the mind
As for me...

I'm a nocturnal animal, God concentrates
On a young black man, who makes the niggaz speak a shake
The nighttime is busy, it's word to Aunt Kizzy
It's the time we get down, yo son, you know the sound
The flavas on the top with the rugged beat to back it
The night makes the aura and the J can't hack it
The way the moon dangles in the midnight sky
And the stars dance around, a yo, I think it's fly
Intensity, most rappers don't see it
Spirit wise, musically, you gotta be it
Serenity and sirens of the sounds and emotions
In the concrete jungle and the sun don't bungle
I think it's hard to find the words on how I feel
I paid about a deuce twenty for the Ampex steel
But let me slow down, I think I ran my gibbs enough
Peace out to the Nation, stay rugged and rough

The night is on my mind, the sun'll still shine
The night is on my mind, the night is on my mind
The night is on my mind, yeah, the sun'll still shine
But now, uh huh, the night is on my mind
The night is on your mind, you know the sun'll still shine
But now the night is on the mind, yeah, the night is on my mind
The night is on the mind, a yo, the sun'll still shine
But now the night is on the mind, yeah, the night is on the mind
The night is on the mind, a yo, the sun'll still shine

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"We Can Get Down"

[chorus:]

We can get down

We can, we can get down *[both lines 4X]*

Ah, it's like that man, it's like that (yes!)

It's like that man, it's like that (yes!) *[2X]*

It's like that man, it's like that

([Rakim from "My Melody":] "Why waste time on the microphone")

Check it

[Phife:]

I'm not your average MC with the Joe Schmoe flow

If you don't know me by now, you'll never know

Steppin on my critics, beatin on my foes

The plan is to stay focused, only then I can go

Straight from the heart, I represent hip hop

I be three albums deep, but I don't wanna go pop

Too many candy rappers seem to be at the top

Too much candy is no good, so now I'm closin the shop

Crushin competition like your tires on grapes

My rhymes styles be blendin like a Ron G tape

My man where ya goin? You can't escape

When the Tribe is in the house, that means nobody is safe

How can a reverend preach, when a rev can't define

The music of our youth from 1979

We rap about what we see, meaning reality

>From people bustin caps and like Mandela bein free

Not every MC be with the negativity

We have a slew of rappers pushin positivity

Hip hop will never die yo, it's all about the rap

So Marion Barry smokin crack, let's preach about that

The trash you talk won't matter, that old bogus chatter

The more that you condemn us, it only makes us phatter

When I talk, I know I'm talkin for you poppers all around

You know you love the sound, we gets down

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]

I'm the cherry on the top of yo ice cream

I'm the wish you thought inside your dream

Listen to the way we pulsate the jam

I'm the nigga here with the mic in hand

Styles that we present are just a few

To do away with you and your hum drum crew

This is '93 and the shit is real

Black people unite and put down your steel

Ladies make a forum on your sexual drive

Devoted to your lover and make it thrive
The riff was of F, I'm a hip hop body
Release the energy like the force of a shotty
Standin on the wall with my Polo on
Talkin to the girl with the Liz Claiborne
Keep the poetry in my black knapsack
Got my Timbo horse and my Doublemint pack
Hit the city streets to enhance my soul
I can kick a rhyme over ill drum rolls
With a kick, snare, kicks and high hat
Skilled in the trade of that old boom bap
I can do a trick with the opposite breed
I used to down 40s and smoke grain weed
Now, I'm doin shows with half loot down
Now it's time for me to take ya uptown

It's like that man, it's like that (yes!) [7X]
It's like this, Shaheed!

[Shaheed: scratching until end]

[Rakim:] "Why waste time on the microphone

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Electric Relaxation"

Relax yourself girl, please set-tle down [4X]

[Verse One: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg]

Honey, check it out, you got me mesmerized
With your black hair and fat-ass thighs
Street poetry is my everyday
But yo, I gotta stop when you trot my way
If I was workin at the club you would not pay
Aiyyo, my man Phife Diggy, he got somthin to say

I like em brown, yellow, Puerto Rican or Haitian
Name is Phife Dawg from the Zulu Nation
Told you in the jam that We Can Get Down
Now let's Knock the Boots like the group H-Town
You got BBD all on your bedroom wall
But I'm Above the Rim and this is how I ball
A pretty little somethin on the New York street
This is how I represent over this here beat
Talkin bout you

Yo, I took you out
But sex was on my mind for the whole damn route
My mind was in a frenzy and a horny state
But I couldn't drop dimes cause *you couldnè^a, relate*

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg]

Stretch out your legs, let me make you bawl
Drive you insane, drive you up the wall
Starin at your dome-piece, very strong
Stronger Than Pride, stronger than Teflon
Take you on the ave and you buy me links
Now I wanna pound the putang until it stinks
You can be my mama and I'll be your boy

Original rude boy, never am I coy
You can be a shorty in my ill convoy
Not to come across as a thug or a hood
But hon, you got the goods, like Madeline Woods
By the way, my name's Malik
The Five-Foot Freak
Let's say we get together by the end of the week
She simply said, "No," labelled me a hoe
I said, "How you figure?" "My friends told me so."

I hate when silly groupies wanna run they yap
Word to God, hon, I don't get down like that

I'll have you weak in the knees that you could hardly speak
Or we could do like Uncle L and swing an ep in my jeep
Keep it in the down, yo, we keep it discrete
See, I'm not the type to kid to have my biz in the streets

If my mom donè^a, approve, then I'll just elope
Let me sink the little man from inside the boat
Let me hit it from the back, girl I won't catch a hernia
Bust off on your couch, now you got semen's furniture

Shaheed, Phife and the Extra P
Stacy, ? DJ and my man L.G.
They know the Abstract is really soul on ice
The character is of men, never ever of mice
Shorty let me tell you about my only vice
It has to do with lots of lovin and (it ain't nuthin nice)

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Clap Your Hands"

[Chorus scratching:]

Clap your hands now

[Phife:]

Brothas know the flaws when the Quest gets loose
Slammin sucka fuckas like the wrestler Zeus
Crazier than Tupac in that flick called Juice
Cock is longer than the hat worn by Dr. Seuss
Love a girl in Daisy Dukes like them kids called Deuce
Gets paid to sex the hoochie like my main man Luke
Control the mic like Denzel on the girls
Wack MCs be on the nuts like Rocket J. Squirrel
The worst thing in the world is a sucka MC
Favorite rap group in the world is EPMD
Can't forget the De La, the two originality
And if I ever went solo, my favorite MC would be me
Phife Dawg up in the house, I give a shout out to Snoopy
Peace to all the Questers, to hell with the groupies
Like um, Ralph up to Potsie, Brooklyn to Dodger
Laverne to Shirley, Rerun to Roger
Ren to the Stimpy, Laurel to Hardy
Q-Tip and Phifer, they mashed up the party
Kick the rhymes and more rhymes
Kick the beats and more beats
We'll have you scratchin in your head, like trying all techniques
For those who wanna oppose, just take a stand
But for now, just shut your shit and clap your hands

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]

You just wanna dance man, then clap your hands
If you venture up the wrong road, then the circumstance...
Will be crucial, I got hundreds of rhymes that'll suit you
So listen
The Abstract intuition is very very worthy
I can feel ya out from Russia to Jersey
Can't understand, the underground, it gets deep
The low, the Nikes, the links, the jeeps
The women, the lingo and all the other goods
Peace to the hoods, that keep my shit on play
Please don't do the mute when you hear me on the juke
Brothas know my angle, it's the Star-Spangled black banner
Hook up the beats at the funk manner
If want a roll, then dough I be rakin
The scope is on the world, cuz it's mine for the takin
You know I'm gonna do it

My shit is rock solid, but it flows like fluid
Chemists get confused of my ill composition
This is the third of the new Tribe addition
MCs be swingin, but alot of them be missin
So shut your bloodclot and listen
Cuz I'm bringin you the ill rendition
I'd like to send this out to the L.E.S.
Gotta alot of rhythm and style and finesse
Come here love, hot sex on a plat
And when your done with that then clap

[Chorus until end]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Oh My God"

[Q-tip:]

Listen up everybody the bottom line
I'm a black intellect, but unrefined
with precision like a bullet, target bound
just livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds
now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hott
V-A-V-A-Vader, the brothers in the spot
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hit
Captain of the poets, I'm the #7 pick
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide
Tip the earthly body
heavens on my side
even in Santo Domingo
Can I gotta Gringo
we got mikes when do we go
know a little nigga who can rhyme when you ask me
short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy
Phife Dawg
1 for the treble
2 for the bass
you know the style Tip
it's time to flip this
I like my beats hard like two day old shit
steady eatin booty M.C's like cheese Grits
My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode
used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue
it's not like honey dip would wanna get with me
but just in case I own more condoms than T.L.C.
now the formula is this Me, Tip, and Ali
for those who can't count it goes 1-2-3
The answer(scratch-Damn right I'm)Hiccup is how i be
brothers find it's hard to do but never me
some brothers try to dis my malik
you see'm ditchin me
now cure all the B.B. M.C.'s my shit is hittin
trainin gladiator, anti-hesitater
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada
Mr. energetic, who me sound pathetic
when's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
(I don't know man[3x])
(I don't know[2x])

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God yes, Oh my god [x10])

[Q-Tip]

Complimentary it be
the theif of Poetry

I got a humdinger comin hook line and sinker
the TIMBO hits with the prints underground
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down
down like the lady of the evenin
when it goes in Toots just beleive the sin
cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God *[x14]*)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Keep It Rollin'"

[Verse One: Phife Dawg]

Aiyyo swing swing swing, to chop chop chop
Yo that's the sound when MC's get mopped
Don't come around town without the hip in your hop
Cause when the shit hits the fan, that ass'll get dropped
MC's wanna attack me but them punks can't cope
I'll have you left without a job, like Isley from The Love Boat
So money watch your mouth, or I might have to bust ya
Battlin MC's, from JFK to Russia
Back down to London, Sweden and Brazil
Do a U.S. tour for three months and then a chill
Styles be fat like Jackie Gleason, the rest be Art Carney
People love the Dawg like the kids love Barney
"I love you, you love me"
The shorty Phife Dawg is your favorite MC
So move back yaself dread, you know the element
The Tribe is good for your health like a can of Nutriment
MC's don't have no winds, MC's don't have no winds
I flips you crazier than a busload of Jerry's Kids
Your crew don't want it, man your crew don't want it
But if you feel you can swing it, then money please bring it
(sup) Large Professor in the house (sup)
(sup) You know how we do (sup)
(sup) I stay on your crew (sup)
(whassup) like Mario Lemieux (whassup)
(Whassup?) Peace to Ike Love
(Sup? Hah hah) and the rest of the crew (Whassup?)
(Whassup?) I meet you guys in front the cleaners
Bring the blunts and the brew so

[Verse Two: Q-Tip]

Whassup kids? The Ab is speaking from the moon
Thanks for your support, aiyyo I'll be home soon
But the only thing I ask when I return from my task
Is a whole bunch of beats and a Blass full of ass
My fist stands firm because I'm, black and solid
I open up your pores like a plate full of collards
C'mon take it easy wouldya, easy easy
I'm up in the gulley, that's when I am her Buddy
She told me pull her hair, I did, it drove her nutty
Filled up the hole like spackle or I mean putty
When we over joints like this we never cruddy
Extra P hooked the beat, and kids it feels luh-huh-ovely
Check it out, cause my conception is immaculate
A bachelor, lookin for a bachlelorette

Back to you MC's, this is what your gonna get
A first degree burn from my man Ken's cigarette
I hope you like Malboro, Paul you know we thorough like Denver
The beat feels like a never-ender
But all things good must, so I won't sweat it
Drop the C's for the youthful crew, I hope you get it
As I stand, grip this mic inside my hand
Boy I smack you up, like I was your old grand
so respect yourself Son, and come and gimme love
Once again the Ab is who you think of
So chill with the beef money, we got a Jetti

[Verse Three: Extra P (Large Professor)]

It's Extra P and yo Tip I'm bout to set it
on the country once again here to win
I'm Uptown chillin, takin in this grand master Vic blend
from the projects, the PJ's, fuck them two DJ's
Self mission, I had her in the ill position
Saying "Large youse the soul brother that I'd like to
eff with for the rest of my life" yeah yeah now check the method
As I, proceed with what you need like Akinyele
A whip looks complete when the tires say Firelli
Funk monkey, one rapper fell off, now he's a junkie
There's 8 Million Stories in the city it's a pity
Don't fuck with the skins if she's trying to act shitty
Shout to the Guru, Primo and Zulu Zulu
Nation, was on a vacation, in the ghetto
Yo Ras slow your roll I'm bout to bag this here's metal
Rapper Nas on topic, seems we gonna rock it
Queens represent, buy the album when I drop it (drop it)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Chase Pt. II"

[BizMarkie] "I'm bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out"
[repeat 4X]

[Phife:]

Them can't touch me no, them can't touch me
Them can't hold me no, them can't hold me [2X]
([Q-Tip:] Damn, Phife you got fat!)
Yeah, I know it looks pathetic
Ali Shaheed Muhammad got me doing calisthenics
Needless to say, boy I'm bad to the bone
Making love to my mic like Jarobi on the phone
But um, no time for jokes (what!), there's bills to be paid (what!)
Hoes to be laid (what!), punks to be sprayed (what!)
Chumps to attack, so my man watch your back
Cuz '93 means skills are a must, so never lack (uh!)
Sit back and learn, come now watch the birdie
Your styles are incomplete, same as Vinny Testaverde
Battlin, whenever -- hot Damn!
Give me the microphone bwoy, one time, bam!

[Q-Tip:]

Keep it on the corner, cuz here comes the heat
Lyrically it stays, the jazz will pace the beat
As we proceed to elevate you, we in fo-fo
Run and tell your dad the Abstract's the bag
As we proceed to move your high parts, we know who has ass
Poets got the gimmicks, but they lack the sassafras
To make the average hardrock and cock the glock
And roam the city streets on the jury, they hot
I be ingredients, like sugar and candy
If your life is broke, girl I'll be the handy-dandy
That commends you, my fee is a shower
For you, I'll scrub your back and I'll soap the butt-crack
Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff
Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts
Yo, my mic is sounding bug. Bob Power, you there?(Yeah)
Adjust the bass and treble make my shit sound clear(echo)

[Chorus x8:]

(Q-Tip: After fourth time)

Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff
Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts
A-yo, my mic is sounding bug. Bob Power, you there?
Adjust the bass and treble...OK, could you come in Tip?

[Q-Tip:]

Whoop, back yourself man. Come watch me drop it

For showing me I could do it, for showing me I can rock it
Me not deal wit no changaram, bangaram business
I got soul on a hymn, like Jehovah's got the witness
Musically, the three, poetically, be me
We in jammin on the airwaves, kids just rave
Obey the MCs, cuz the MCs say
We flippin more niggaz like we Super Dave
But noticin my stature, y'all niggaz know we gotcha
Movin to the rapture, listen how we catch ya
Movin with the grace, here we go, let's begin
Makin people jump out their goddamn skin
Lyrically, we bite like we Rin Tin Tin
Peace to Grand Pu and his many, many skins
Don't mark with the arrow, cuz we know we get the wins
It's the Ab, Shaheed, and the Dawg for the blend

[Chorus until end:]

[Q-Tip:]

I wanna say peace to my man Rob P, my man Jerod, and
Skeff Anslem on the help out and we out like shout
Nine-tre, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...
I don't wanna say nine-tre
cause my man Extra P said don't say the years
So, it's for eternity, know what I'm sayin?
Rock rock on, everybody in Queens, rock rock on
Everybody in Brooklyn, rock rock on
Money Earnin Mt. Vernon, rock rock on
Everybody in Jersey, rock rock on
Everybody in Philly rock rock on
Everybody in Houston, rock rock on
Everybody LA, rock rock on
Everybody in The Sand, rock rock on
Everybody in Egypt, rock rock on
Everybody Nigeria, rock rock on
Everybody in London, rock rock on
Everybody in Sweden, rock rock on
Everybody in beware, rock rock on
To the niggaz on the famous, rock rock on
Everybody no name, rock rock on
To the kids at Nu-Clear, rock rock on
The Cave rock rock on. McDonald's, rock rock on

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Lyrics To Go"

[Q-Tip]

Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) uhh
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) ahh yeah, c'mon
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go)
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) yeah yeah
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go)

Goin on and on to the rhythmic variation
Wakin in the morning I still represent the nation
When I speak of nation please don't make the deviation
Rebels of the party who create the jump sensation
Mind is a pit of different information
Microphone is on so of course communication
Bogle at the party then you got the bogle-ation
Decaptatin foes yo as if my name was Jason (c'mon)
Makin all the fellas at the party lose composure
Hook up the beat with the mic and it's over (original, uh!)
A Tribe Called Quest we on the run for whatever
Trials and tribulations that we have to endeavor
Brothers know my steelo it's a letter to the better
If you see a shorty that you like, then you sweat her
Silly with the microphone, in other words I'm loco
Six foot zero with my height, complexion cocoa
Representin on the mic it seems to be my daily
I can do a split and turn around like Alvin Ailey
But when it comes to days like this I got lyrics to go

(I got lyrics to go) It's like that y'all, c'mon y'all
Lyrics to go
It's like that y'all, c'mon y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that

[Phife Dawg]

I know it's been two years but see the Tribe was never fallin
Would have tried for singin but that stuff was not my callin
The mic is in effect so you know I'm never stallin
Walkin through the door and all them suckers started haulin
Talk a lot of trash but no one can seem to beat it
Pull out your microphone and watch the Phifer make you eat it
The MC's they get jealy when the girly's on my belly
Kick a slow dance like my brother R. Kelly (bust a rhyme)
Today's a hip-hop draft will I be top-seeded? (uhh)
Worked too frickin hard while all the rest were gettin weeded
Steady kickin styles so I can reach that other level (uh)
Don't worry about gettin gassed I push the pedal to the metal
Always wanted this cause it surely beats a scramble (right)
I'm Jordan with the mic, huh, wanna gamble? (mmm)

This I dedicate to all the homiest that be bogle-in
Cause at the end of the night y'know Malik will have his Trojans
But when it comes to nights like this I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
Lyrics to go
Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
Lyrics to go
Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
Lyrics to go
Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
It's like that y'all
Check it out y'all
It's like that y'all
Check it out y'all
It's like that y'all
Check it out here we go!

[Q-Tip]

Please proceed with caution cause the lyricist is fatal
I can kick your little monkey ass like Kato (yes dread, uhh)
Formulate your rhymes like a child forms Play-Doh (right)
Calm and serene like the study was tayo
Poetry machine with correct mechanisms
Immune to disease I defeat organisms
that are waitin in my path, I overstep the critters
Give your ass the willies and your moms'll get the jitters (uh)
Winners turn to losers, losers are forgotten
Tangle in my fore with, hopes that I stop rockin
Never will that happen only if it is permitted (uhh)
Wait... I think somebody shitted (c'mon)
I guess that will be me cause I'm the only one MCin
I go for what I know doin a show for human beings
Always try to lead yo never will I follow
Blowin up the spot like Fred did to Rollo
And when it comes to days like this, I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
I got lyrics to go
Everybody
(I got lyrics to go) Ah c'mon now
I got lyrics to go
Ah check it out y'all
(I got lyrics to go) It's like that now
I got lyrics to go
Everybody
(I got lyrics to go) Ah c'mon now
I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all
(I got lyrics to go) It's like that now
I got lyrics to go
C'mon y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Everybody
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Check it out now
I got lyrics to go
Ah c'mon y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Everybody
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Check it out now
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Every-bo-ty
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Ah check it out now
It's like that y'all
Check it now
It's like that y'all
Check it now
It goes... uhh

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"God Lives Through"

[Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!" [16X]

[Phife Dawg]

There's a million MC's that claim they want some
But see, I create sounds that make your ears go numb
Peace to Sayers Ave., yeah you know how we go
My best friend Steven at the Home Depot
Lowerton is in the house, I can't forget Southside
Walk past MC's like that girl did the Pharcyde
I'm labeled as the cat's meow, the MC with the know-how
Act like you know, not now, but right now
Beast of the East, on MC's I have a feast
I'd eat that ass like quiche, crack a smile like Shanice
Straight out Jamaica scene, Jamaica, Queens
But you could find me out in Georgia, or anywhere in between
Now if my partners don't look good, Malik won't look good
If Malik don't look good, the Quest won't look good
If the Quest don't look good, then Queens won't look good
But since the sounds are universal, New York won't look good
Picture Phife losin a battle, come on, get off it
Put down the microphone son, surrender forfeit
Did I hear somethin bout a crew? What they wanna do?
You better call Mr. Babyface, so he can bring out _The Cool in You_
or it'll be a sad love song being sung by Toni Braxton
And I'll dissect you like a fraction
Oh, you wannabe top cat MC's, I'll pop you like a zit
You wanna be the champ, you more like Chief Some-shit
Big up myself everytime when it comes to this
MC's be runnin scared as if they're watchin the Exorcist
I kick more game than a crackhead from Hempstead
My styles are milk, man, you'd think that I was breast fed
You know the steelo when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
I dedicate this to all the MC's outta Queens
that goes for Onyx, LL, Run-D.M.C.
Akinyele, Nasty Nas and the Extra P
You need a chart, straight up and down man, there ain't no other
Nuff respect to all my peeps that made the album cover
Yo, Tip don't worry Dunn you know I get the party jumpin
Get on the mic and break em off a lil lil sumthin
Yo, Tip don't worry Dunn you know I get the party jumpin
Get on the mic and break em off a lil lil sumthin (Ooohh...)

[Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!"

[Q-Tip] [over Busta Rhymes]

La, la, la, la..

Doop, doo, do, do..

La, la, la, la..
Shooby-doop, do, do..
La, la, la, la..
Shooby-doo, do, do..
You know I'm on the other, for the top 40
Haha, you gotta do it like this..

We got the funk doody don shit, clearly it's the bomb shit
So recognize me, kids memorize me
Everyday, I be scroungin, really, I be loungin
I play the down low, very very incognito
Aries is my sign, I know that I can rhyme
Sometimes I rhyme in riddles, plus I make the hunnies wiggle
Intellect is the major, some heads like to wager
The skills on the hill, overlookin dollar bills
Man, ya crazy, thinkin you can phase me
The Ab doesn't study near nonsense money
Life seems to meet me, MC's seem too cheesy
With they doody ass renditions of defeatin competition
I rock to the roll man, yes, I'm a soul man
Bet'cha bottom dolla, Vinia will make ya holla
As ya stand at attention, did I forget to mention
MC's will give me twenty, if I sense that they act funny
Lyrics are abundant, right there, I sound redundant
Just mentionin the fact, that the area is fat
I dwell in the unda, so hunny, it's no wonder
That I get plenty of tail, well I even get white
I'ma bet hittin head crack, there money, take that
Breakin niggaz off, cut their bank, then I'm off
While my Nik'es match my lil hat, beat joint is mad fat
Got the cutter of the box if a kid thinks he's ox
For tier means creator, the poetry relator
It's hemp, like Betsy Ross, let me tell you who's the boss

La, la, la.. ([Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. ([Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. ([Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!") smooth it y'all
La, la, la.. ([Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. ([Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. ([Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. ([Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. ([Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!")

Queens got a Zoo
Brooklyn got a Zoo
Bronx got a Zoo
Long Island got a Zoo
Long Island.. got the zone
Jersey got a Zoo
Philly got a Zoo
Milwaukee got a Zoo
L.A. got a Zoo
Oaktown got the zone

La, la, la.. [4X]
See, I like to get down Jack